

man had an operation performed on his nose once an' he wouldn't mind."

Jacob climbed off the car, slowly and regretfully, and thereafter was thrown from six cars in rapid and painful succession.

Jacob walked downtown, and when he entered his boss' office, the boss rose, and, grasping a heavy paperweight firmly in one hand, asked for Jacob's immediate resignation.

When Jacob went home, he had a painful interview with his father, after which he went to bed while his clothes went into the backyard, where the neighbors complained about them.

One neighbor reported to the police that he suspected that a murder must have been committed in the neighborhood, and the body buried. He further suspected that the body had been buried a long time ago.

As Jacob's father put it today:  
"It ain't the loss of the clothes so much I object to. What hurts me so much is that any son of mine should be such a dum fool as to mistake a skunk for a lil black dog."

Son—I came across a very sad case this morning, father. I pitied the man with all my heart.

Father—What was it, my son? I am pleased to know you show so much sympathy for the poor.

Son—There was a deaf and dumb man begging on Madison street who had an impediment in his speech.

Father (crossly)—Impossible!

Do you expect me to believe such nonsense?

Son—It is the truth, father. He had a finger off.

He—I told your father I could not live without you.

She—And what did he say?

He—Oh, he offered to pay my funeral expenses.

### A DOGGONE ARTISTIC JOB

